

THE BEACON

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL
AND THE HOME



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Memorial Day.

BY EVELYN FLETCHER.

Little children, gravely marching
With your garlands gay,
Something bring besides the flowers
To these graves to-day.

Bring a love of truth and valor
And of brave deeds done,
Bring a tribute to all heroes
Underneath the sun.

Not alone to those who perished
In the eager fight,
But to all who've lived and labored
Ever for the right.

To the patient, brave endurance
Of an unearned pain;
To the strife for truth and honor,
Earnest, though in vain.

Thus, with noble emulation,
High resolve and pure,
Shall you, hope of all our Nation,
Make her future sure.

The Myrtle.

For The Beacon.

Uncle Benny's Flag.

BY GRACE E. CRAIG.

"I don't much mind missin' the Decoration Day singin' and speechifyin'," said Uncle Benny Brewster. "It's not seein' the old flag that's troublin' me most."

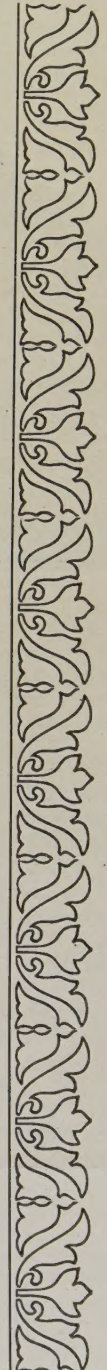
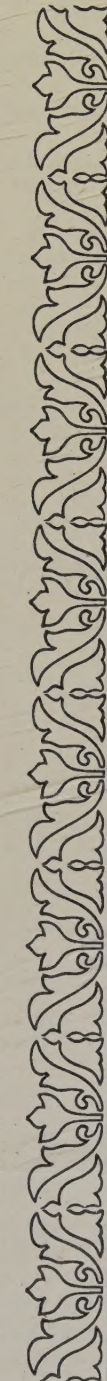
Dorothy and Ruth Allen sat on the low sofa, resting after their tramp. Miss Lavinia, Uncle Benny's sister, added to a scanty income by selling the products of her poultry-yard, and twice each week the two little girls walked the mile from the village to the tiny brown house at the cross-roads to buy for their mother a supply of fresh-laid eggs. To-day it was very warm, unusually so for early May, and the sisters were glad to sit for a while beside Uncle Benny's wheeled chair in the cool front room of the cottage before going out to see the brood of chicks which had arrived since their last visit.

"I just hate to miss seein' the flag," Uncle Benny repeated. "Of course," he added politely, "I'm sorry not to hear you two sing the song you was a-tellin' about—"

"Oh, we can sing that for you here, Uncle Benny!" Ruth interrupted.

"But," the aged voice quavered on, "the flag goin' by at the head of the old company's a great sight!"

Uncle Benny Brewster, as he was called by every one in the neighborhood, had suffered from rheumatism ever since his confinement in a Southern prison during the



Good morrow, little rose-bush,
Now, prithee, tell me true,
To be as sweet as a red rose,
What must a body do?

To be as sweet as a red rose,
A little girl like you
Just grows, and grows, and grows, and
grows,
And that's what she must do.

JOEL STACEY.

Civil War. For some years now he had been unable to march with his old comrades to the Town Hall and cemetery on Memorial Day, but he had followed them in a carriage provided by the authorities for just such brave old soldiers as he. This spring the

cruel rheumatism was much worse, and he could not leave the house.

"Benjamin's got a little silk flag," Miss Lavinia confided to her guests, as they followed her out to the chicken-yard, "folded up in a box in the top drawer of his bureau,

and, when his pain is bad, he takes it out and looks at it. He says it helps a lot, and he's sure he'd get better fast if he could see a big flag a-wavin' in the breeze again."

"Why don't you buy a big flag?" Dorothy asked, stooping to pick up a peeping ball of down.

"Bless you, child, I did think of it," and Miss Lavinia shooed away a fierce-looking rooster. "But, when I priced flags in the city, I found that a good one, warranted not to fade the first time the sun struck it, nor run its colors if 'twas out in the rain, would cost a lot."

"How much, Miss Lavinia?" Dorothy's tone was eager.

"I couldn't find a thing under ten dollars, and real sizable ones was fifteen and more. Benjamin's pension with my egg money is enough to keep us comfortable, but of course we can't ever afford to spend that much for a flag."

"Poor Uncle Benny!" Ruth said, as she and Dorothy walked homeward, each carrying a basket full of large brown eggs. "I wish he had a big flag of his very own."

"He's going to have a flag!" Dorothy announced.

Ruth opened her blue eyes very wide.

"Why, what do you mean, Dorothy?" she questioned.

"We've got to buy him one, Ruthie."

"But how?" gasped Ruth. Her sailor hat had slipped back, and the big black bow which held her fair curls in place stood up stiffly as if in astonishment.

"Our ten-dollar gold pieces!" Dorothy whispered.

"Oh, Dorry! Not our Christmas money! We can't give that up. Why, we're going to buy a bicycle with it!"

Dorothy winked, but she spoke firmly.

"I couldn't enjoy the loveliest bicycle that was ever made while I knew that poor old Uncle Benny was sitting there in his wheeled chair, pining for a glimpse of the stars and stripes. And I'm certain you couldn't either, Ruth Allen."

"No, I couldn't," Ruth acknowledged. "But," with a wail, "I wish I didn't know anything about Uncle Benny. Dorry, *do* you s'pose it's more blessed to give than to receive?"

"I don't know," Dorothy answered, marching sturdily on, swinging her basket. "But, anyway, Uncle Benny must have his flag, and before Decoration Day, too. I'm sure mother will say we may buy it for him."

Mother looked doubtful when the plan was first unfolded for her benefit; but, after some thought, she kissed her small daughters tenderly.

"Very well, dears," she agreed. "Uncle Ned gave you the money and wished you to be allowed to spend it in your own way. You may buy the flag when we go to the city on Saturday."

Early on the morning of Memorial Day Dorothy and Ruth scampered along the dewy country road toward Uncle Benny's home. Between them they swung a large, brown paper parcel.

Miss Lavinia met them at the cottage door, her eyes bright with excitement.

"Benjamin's eatin' his breakfast in the back kitchen," she whispered. "Your pa and his man was so quiet about settin' up the pole that they never woke him at all, and he don't mistrust a thing."

With deft fingers Dorothy loosened the paper wrappings of the parcel, and out fell a mass of brilliant color. Ruth caught one

of the ropes of the new pole, which stood straight and tall in the middle of the little front yard, and tied it to a loop at one corner of the flag. Miss Lavinia, trembling with eagerness, fastened the other rope to the opposite corner.

None too soon! Uncle Benny's wheeled chair came bumping along the narrow hall, and his feeble voice called: "Lavinia! Where be ye?" and then suddenly trailed off into silence.

Up, up toward the blue sky mounted the flag as the children pulled at the ropes. Its red, white, and blue folds billowed in the soft spring breeze. In another moment Dorothy had whipped the rope-ends around the pole and tied them securely, and the star-spangled banner was floating majestically over Uncle Benny's humble home.

The old man in the door-way gave a half sob.

"Lavinia," he cried, "have I died and gone to heaven?"

"No, dear Uncle Benny," Ruth answered, half laughing, half crying, "it's only your new flag."

"My flag!" Uncle Benny whispered.

"Yes," Dorothy declared. "Ruth and I bought it for you. It's your very own—to keep."

"It's a Decoration Day present from these two blessed children, Benjamin," Miss Lavinia put in.

For a moment Uncle Benny's poor, rheumatic form was bent as if in prayer. Then he straightened himself, and the look on his old face as he raised his right hand in salute was beautiful to see. The little girls, and even Miss Lavinia, saluted with him, and then two sweet young voices rose in the stirring strains of "The Battle-cry of Freedom."

When Dorothy and Ruth reached home after the little flag-raising at the cross-roads, they found Uncle Ned upon the front porch. He had arrived unexpectedly to spend the holiday with his brother's family.

"Well, young ladies!" he said, when the first greetings over, Dorothy had seated herself in a low chair by his side and Ruth, big girl of eleven though she was, had perched on his knee, "your mother has been telling me about the flag."

"It was right for us to spend the money so, wasn't it, Uncle Ned?" Dorothy asked, with sudden anxiety.

"Mother thought you wouldn't mind," put in Ruth.

"I think it was the best possible way to spend it," Uncle Ned answered. "But what about the bicycle?"

"Oh, we don't care about it now! We're forgetting it," Dorothy answered bravely.

"Well," Uncle Ned went on, "I've something to say to you which may help you to forget. How would you like to go to the seaside for two months?"

"Oh, Uncle Ned!" cried Dorothy. "I'd like it above all things."

"And so would I!" echoed Ruth.

"I've just bought a house down in Maine," Uncle Ned explained. "It's on an island in Casco Bay. In front of it is a pretty little cove, with a sandy beach. Back of it are pine woods, and beyond the woods are rocky headlands where the surf breaks."

"How perfectly be-yew-tiful!" breathed Ruth.

Dorothy's dark eyes were starry.

"Of course it wouldn't be any fun to live there alone, so I want you two kiddies and

mother and father to come and stay with me through the summer."

"O-oo-oh!" the children gurgled.

"There are two row-boats and a big, white cat-boat and a motor-launch in the cove, and"—

Uncle Ned was suddenly interrupted by the tight clasp of two pairs of plump arms.

"Isn't it good," cried Dorothy, "that we didn't save our money to buy a bicycle! We sha'n't need it at all this summer."

"There isn't a road on that island," laughed Uncle Ned.

"And Uncle Benny does need his flag," said Ruth.

"I'm as glad as I can be that he has it," Dorothy said earnestly. "Whenever I think of him sitting there under it, I feel just perfectly—joyful!"

"Dorry!" Ruth turned to her sister suddenly. "I believe thinking of him is going to make our whole summer beautiful!"

"Of course it is, dear childie," Uncle Ned replied. "When you give up something to make another person happy, you are absolutely certain to find a beautiful time ahead yourself."

Mother's Almanac.

I tell you when it comes to dates

My mother's just the boss!

She tells me all I want to know

'Thout ever gettin' cross.

You'd think sh'd get mixed up sometimes,

At school I know I do—

'Bout Washington and Plymouth Rock,

And 1492.

But mother says "The War with Spain

Was fought in '98,

The year you all had chicken-pox,

Exceptin' Sister Kate.

"The Boer war in Africa—

That was a dreadful thing—

Began in '99, I know,

For Jack was born that spring.

"In '98 the Spanish ships

Were sunk in Cuban channels;

'Twas summer, for you children had

Just changed your winter flannels.

"In 1904, my dear,

The Russians fought the Japs;

That year was very cold, and you

Had chilblains and the chaps."

There are six of us, and we're mixed up

With hist'ry just that way:

Sometimes its measles, croup, or mumps,

But there's no date that ever stumps

My mother, night or day.

Lippincott's Magazine.

It is not enough to *mean* to do good: we must accomplish something. Conscience, which only wishes to save its own soul, may say, "I will do right, and leave the result to God"; but love, which desires to help its neighbor also effectually, puts its mind, as well as its heart, into work.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

Jack in the pulpit
Preaches to-day
Under the green trees
Just over the way.
Squirrel and song-sparrow
High on their perch,
Hear the sweet lily-bells
Ringing to church.

Look! white Indian pipes
On the green mosses lie!
Who has been smoking profanely so nigh?
Rebuked by the preacher
The mischief is stopped,
But the sinners, in haste,
Have their little pipes dropped.
Let the wind with the fragrance
Of fern and black birch,
Blow the smell of the smoking
Clean out of the church!

Selected.



INDIAN PIPES.

For The Beacon.

The Orchard Gate.

BY FANNY ADAM WILKES.

"Coo-hoo! Coo-hoo!" cried Marjorie, who, running one minute, falling the next in the tall grass, came scrambling down the orchard slope.

"Oh, Rob!" she gasped, sinking down among the clover blossoms and pennyroyal, "I've been hunting for you everywhere."

"What for?" asked the small boy, who stood near by, stroking an old white horse.

"Why, father says there are *bushels* of wild strawberries in the field, and we must pick them to-day because to-morrow they are going to cut them down."

To this announcement Rob seemed utterly indifferent, however, and went on murmuring to old Nellie, and rubbing her soft nose.

"I've only told you half of it. You'd better listen to the rest or you'll be sorry," warned Marjorie. "Mother says she'll pay us five cents a quart for the strawberries. She wants to make some jam."

"Did you bring a pail for me?" asked Rob, waking up.

"Of course," cried Marjorie, holding it out for inspection. "And, O Rob, father told me not to go by way of the woods on account of the old boar. He's so savage. He killed Miller's collie and one of our lambs, and we must be sure to close the orchard gate."

"Good-bye, Nell," said Rob, giving the horse a long, loving pat. "Come on, Marge: I'll race you to the crab-tree." So they scampered out of the orchard with a cry from Marjorie,—

"That's no fair! You started first!"

They found the field literally carpeted with strawberries. In spite of the breeze that blew up to them from the river, they found berry-picking a long, warm task, but both pail and basket were full at last.

"Ten quarts!" remarked the practical Rob. "That means twenty-five cents for each of us."

"We'll divide the money, of course," said Marjorie, grandly, "but I picked more than you did."

"You didn't either," retorted Rob, and so busy were they arguing the matter that they forgot to close the gate.

Old Nellie came towards them as they entered the orchard, and gently sniffed at their baskets.

"You old darling!" murmured Marjorie, and, setting down her strawberries, she threw both arms about the good creature's neck. "I just love her, don't you, Rob?" But Rob did not commit himself in words. Instead he held out a handful of oats, which he always carried in his pocket, a proof of his affection greatly appreciated by old Nell. At the top of the slope their mother watched them, smiling.

"How many quarts did you pick?" she called.

"Ten!" came the jubilant reply, as Rob and Marjorie darted toward her.

Twilight had wrapped the farm-house in a wonderful stillness. The only sound that fell upon the ear was the dipping of oars of some belated boatman crossing the river. Rob and Marjorie were in bed, weary from the unusual task of strawberry-picking.

"Asleep, Rob?" called Marjorie from her pillow.

"Pretty near," was the drowsy response.

"What are you going to buy with your money?" persisted Marjorie, drawing a little red purse from under her pillow.

But Rob had already slipped into the land of dreams, and all was still again.

Then from the depths of the peaceful orchard a scream arose. A scream so wild, so agonizing that the two children jumped from their beds. Wide-eyed, teeth chattering, Rob and Marjorie rushed into the outer hall. The front door, which looked down into the garden, stood wide open, and here they paused, trembling.

They could hear voices and groans, and lanterns flashed in and out among the trees.

How long they waited there they never knew, but their mother came at last and led them gently back to bed.

"Old Nell has been terribly hurt," she told them. "The old boar got into the orchard and tore her neck."

"Oh, oh," cried Marjorie, and began to sob. Rob buried his head under the bed-clothes.

"It's all my fault," wept the little girl. "I left the gate open." A smothered protest came from the depth of the bed, then a tousled head emerged just long enough to say, "My fault, too."

"You see, mother, we were quarrelling," confessed Marjorie, hanging her head. "So—so we forgot about the gate."

"Oh," said mother, sadly, "you were quarrelling, and so you forgot to close the

gate? And now poor Nell has to suffer for it." A wail from Marjorie and a sudden heaving of the bedclothes made their mother pause. "And now it has made you suffer, too, for I know you both love the dear old horse. Father has gone for the doctor," mother added.

Then came the sound of wheels grating on the driveway.

"What's that?" asked Rob, nervously.

"The doctor, I think," answered mother from the doorway, where she had paused to look back upon the two small culprits.

It seemed hours to the two anxious children before their mother looked in upon them once more.

"The doctor says that Nellie will get well, but she has had a very narrow escape," was the message she brought them.

With a deep sigh of relief and thanksgiving Rob and Marjorie fell asleep.

A Walk in Spring.

I'm very glad the spring is come—the sun shines out so bright,
The little birds upon the trees are singing for delight.

The young grass looks so fresh and green, the lambkins sport and play,
And I can skip and run about as merrily as they.

I like to see the daisy and the buttercups once more,

The primrose and the cowslip, too, and every pretty flower;

I like to see the butterfly flutt'ring her painted wing,

And all things seem just like myself, so pleased to see the spring.

The fishes in the little brook are jumping up on high,

The lark is singing sweetly as she mounts into the sky;

The rooks are building up their nests upon the great tall tree,

And everything's as busy and as happy as can be.

There's not a cloud upon the sky, there's nothing dark or sad;

I jump and scarce know what to do, I feel so very glad.

God must be very good indeed, who made each pretty thing;

I'm sure we ought to love Him much for bringing back the spring.

M. A. STODART.

For The Beacon.

Margaret's Memorial.

BY CHARLES W. CASSON.

Margaret was to sing in the children's chorus at the meeting in the town hall on Memorial Day. I speak of this first because it was the one thing of which Margaret had thought for several weeks. For a long time the children in her school had been practising songs to sing at this meeting.

Margaret was interested because she had a very sweet voice. At home she sang very often, with her mother playing the piano for her. And at the Christmas service in her Sunday school the winter before she had sung a solo, a very little solo, for the first time.

To be sure, she was very little herself. For that reason she had been looking forward with great interest when she should stand up with her schoolmates for the first time, and sing the stirring old songs that her father loved so well.

Her father was one of the Sons of Veterans, and always marched in the procession to the cemetery and back to the town hall. Her grandfather was one in whose memory a green wreath was put upon a certain mound in the cemetery on Memorial Day. It was there, too, that Margaret went every Sunday afternoon during the summer with a bouquet of flowers. She believed that Memorial Sunday came fifty-two times a year.

And so Margaret had been looking forward with much joy to the coming of the day. The long procession, the music of the band, the waving of the flags, the laying of the wreaths, the wonderful service for the unknown dead, had been of such interest the year before.

But that was when she was too small to be one of the children who stood upon the platform behind the speakers, and sing in the chorus. Now she was older,—old enough to be one of the singers.

Memorial Day came at last. It was a beautiful day. May seemed to have kept her most beautiful day until the very last, in honor of the brave men who had risked their lives for their country's sake so many years ago.

Margaret spent the morning on tiptoe. She could hardly wait until the afternoon. She was like a human butterfly, flitting here and there without purpose. It was a great day for her.

At dinner time a neighbor came to the door. She heard her mother talking to her.

"All alone! Poor little Sarah. It will be very hard for her," said her mother.

"Yes," replied the neighbor, who lived in the little house down Dewney's Lane, "it will be hard for her. She does so enjoy the Memorial doings. But it can't be helped, for I have to do that work at Mrs. Johnston's, whatever the day may be."

Margaret knew what it meant. Sarah was a little girl who had been seriously hurt during the winter, and was not able to leave the house yet. She was able just to hobble a few steps, and no more. Her mother was very poor, and worked very hard for a living for them both.

Then Margaret remembered the words she had heard the Sunday before. "The greatest memorial is love," the minister had said, and Margaret had wondered just what he meant. But, as she thought of them now, she seemed to know the meaning.

Slowly she left the house that afternoon. When she reached Dewney's Lane, she paused on the corner. The main road led to the

town hall, and even as she stopped she could hear the music of the band in the distance.

The lane led to a little house where Sarah lived.

She stood for a full minute, and then she turned down the lane.

That night, when she reached home, her father said, "Why, Margaret, I did not see you singing with the children."

And Margaret replied, "No, papa: I was staying with Sarah."

But she said to herself, "The best memorial is love."

*The brave die never, tho' they sleep in dust:
Their courage nerves a thousand living men.*

MINOT J. SAVAGE.

St. Bartholomew's Church and Clothfair, London.

(Written for The Beacon by Joyce Pearson (aged ten) of London, England.)

St. Bartholomew's Church is an interesting old place of Early Norman type. At each side of the church there are two arches about two hundred feet high. The nave is long and is surrounded by twelve Norman arches (which are round), at the sides of which are the transepts. When the church was used for services in the olden times, the north transept was let as a blacksmith's forge by the priors who wanted money. The broad side of the wall is perfectly black with the smoke because the blacksmith's fire was just underneath it. The other walls are all crumbling away, and the horses' footprints can be seen where they have kicked. There is no gallery in the church, but there is a walk all round the church nearly as high as the roof, and the monks could walk round and not be seen by any one, but they could see nearly everything.

The altar is made of solid oak. At the back of the altar are some massive iron gates, through which you go into a little Lady chapel. This little chapel was let by the monks to a fringe merchant. In the north transept is the builder's tomb. He was called Rahere. He lived in Henry First's time. He was taken ill and had to go away to Italy. When he was there, he made up his mind when he got better to build a monastery out of thankfulness for being cured. On the other side are the little latticed windows that stand out from the wall. This was Prior Bolten's pew. Clothfair is a long, narrow, crooked street with funny little houses on either side, with little bedroom windows which stand out into the street. This place gets its name from the fairs which were held there, and where the merchants sold their cloth. The people who lived there dressed very gayly and spent most of their time on Smoothfield (which is now Smithfield, the great meat market), tilting and watching cock fights.

Boy Scouts to March Memorial Day.

From all sections of the country come letters from Scouts telling of their plans to parade with the G. A. R. on Memorial Day, May 30. No doubt the public will be glad to see again this youthful escort for the grizzled veterans of the Civil War. It will be a solemn reminder that each generation is expected to make its sacrifice and perform its duty for humanity and country on this Memorial Day, when we honor our dead heroes.

Boys' Life Magazine.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA LXIV.

I am composed of 18 letters.
My 1, 6, 11, 14, 13, 10, is a boy's nickname.
My 9, 2, 4, is used at playing ball.
My 8, 17, 7, 16, is a measure of distance.
My 15, 5, 10, 18, is a narrow valley.
My 12, 10, 3, is used to catch fish.
My whole is a battle fought in the Revolution.

CLARKE YERRINGTON.

ENIGMA LXV.

I am composed of 10 letters.
My 5, 6, 7, is for illuminating.
My 8, 9, 10, is a vehicle.
My 1, 2, 3, is to be furious.
My 7, 4, 3, is not glad.
My whole is an island of Africa.

GERTRUDE SHAW.

ENIGMA LXVI.

I am composed of 9 letters.
My 4, 2, 7, is a domestic animal.
My 7, 9, 4, 1, is something you fasten a carpet with.
My 4, 6, 7, 4, 5, is to receive a ball.
My 3, 9, 7, is what you lay on the floor.
My 5, 2, 4, 8, is to cut clumsily.
My whole is a peninsula of Asia.

ETHEL RICHARDSON.

ENIGMA LXVII.

I am composed of 15 letters.
My 8, 6, 12, 5, is something very deep.
My 7, 15, 3, 4, 11, is something that hurts when your hair is combed.
My 10 and 14 are vowels.
My 9 is the 23d letter in the alphabet.
My 13, 3, 4, 1, 2, is the month of cold winds.
My whole is a beloved minister of Dorchester.

MARTHA W. HORNE.

DISGUISED BOTANY.

1. A bird and an incentive.
2. A vehicle and a people.
3. A wise man.
4. Found in your hand.
5. Recorded occasions.
6. A regal coin.
7. What Hero might have said.
8. A sugary letter.
9. A foppish beast.
10. Lots of sheep.

Youth's Companion.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 33.

ENIGMA LX.—Unitarian Church.

ENIGMA LXI.—Constantinople.

BEHEADED RHYMES.—Stowed, towed, owed; craft, raft, aft; slumber, lumber, umber; wheat, heat, eat; blend, lend, end; shark, hark, ark; skill, kill, ill; growing, towing, owing.

*When you play, play hard; when you work,
don't play at all.*

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

THE BEACON.

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